

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.—*Burke*.
The heart is the only thing that is better by being broken.—*Fernan Proverb*.
Never fear to bring the unblindest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.—*Phillips Brooks*.
The sin you now tremble at, will be yours, you will commit; therefore, be humble, thoughtful and watchful.
—*Charles Carroll* calls, wishing it will sometimes appear to the superficial observer a very hard thing—for, it has the courage to refuse.

The Sabbath is the green oasis, the green meadow in the wilderness, where after the week-day's journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose.—*Dr. Reid*.
The ocean of tears that affection has shed over the victims of the vineyard would bear fleets of war upon its bosom. The songs of Bacchus and the wall of suffering innocence might drown the din of battle.

A religion that is false is usually intrinsically. The only two rites that characterize the religion of Jesus are noted for their simple beauty. The Christian worship comes out of the soul and not out of symbols.—*John Reid*.
When God would educate a man, he compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the necessities rather than to the graces, that, by knowing all sufferings, he may know, also, the eternal consolation.

Infidelity is the joint offspring of an irregular temper and unwholesome speculation, employed not in examining the evidences of Christianity, but in detecting the weaknesses and imperfections of professing Christians.—*Robert Hall*.
The Christian must expect opposition from the world; because he is going just the contrary road from the multitude, and has to pass through them.

When that illustrious man, Christ Jesus, was dying, he was asked if he had any farewell address to leave his children. He replied, "They have the Bible."
To err in modes of prayer may be reprehensible; but not to pray is madness.—*Isaac Taylor*.

As there is nothing in the world greater than man, there is nothing truly great in man but character.—*W. W. Fowler*.
One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of our Creator is the very extensiveness of our bounty.—*Paley*.
One life; a little gleam of time between two eternities; no second chance for us forever more.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

The example of Christ is living legislation, law embodied and pictured in a perfect humanity. Not only does it exhibit every virtue, but it also enjoins it, showing what it is, and what it ought to be. When it tells us how to live, it commands us to live.—*John Eadie*.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Pure silver is the best conductor of heat and electricity known.
The tarnishing of silver when exposed to the air is due to sulphuretted hydrogen, the metal having a strong attraction for sulphur.

It is used in England was formerly more lasting than at the present day. A deed of the reign of Richard III is preserved in which the ink is as black and brilliant as though of last year.

Chlorine was suggested as a bleaching agent by the accidental discovery that this gas changed the color of the ovals of the beetles in which it was confined.

In bread making, one of the products of decomposition by fermentation, besides carbonic acid, is alcohol which, during the process of baking, is dissipated in the oven. The quantity thus produced is equal to a quart of proof spirits for every four hundred pounds of bread.

The Japanese have discovered that a few seconds previous to an earthquake the magnet temporarily loses its power. They place a cup of bell metal under a suspended horseshoe magnet which has a weight attached to its armature. On the magnet becoming paralyzed the weight drops upon the cup and gives the alarm and cut rush the families to the open air for safety.

Strong Emulsion.—Ever since M. Faure of Paris sent the four batteries charged with electricity to Sir William Thomson of the Glasgow university, the papers have been speculating as to the wonderful results that are to flow from this illustration of the storage of electric energy. The London Times predicts the evolution of stored electricity from Niagara Falls and its transmission by electric railroads to all parts of the country; and the N. Y. Evening Post expands and glorifies (the scheme as follows: "With stored energy every household or may keep his electric light supply in his own cellar; with stored energy ships may plough their way across the ocean without the aid of steam or the fuel which is consumed in creating it; with stored energy railroads may be operated free from smoke and cinders; with stored energy manufactures may be conducted on a large scale safely and inexpensively; with stored energy coal may be largely dispensed with, and the question, what will become of England when her mines are exhausted, will be of no consequence.

The following translation of a local item in the *Wah Koo*, a Chinese paper, and which appeared in the *San Francisco Post*, is curious and interesting:

"Last Tuesday a Chinaman was passing one of the markets in this city, and happened to see a large fish, a sturgeon, which had been just brought in and was yet alive. The Chinaman, by instinct wisdom, or perhaps by inspiration, discovered that his mother's soul was in the fish. After some dickering he bought the fish, which weighed 800 pounds, paying \$15 therefor, and procuring a wagon, transported it to the bay, where he engaged a boat, placed the fish therein, and had it rowed out into the bay and put back into the water. He couldn't bear the thought of having the soul of his mother devoured by San Francisco barbarians."

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.

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THE WAYSIDE WELL.

He stopped at the way side well,
Where the water was cool and deep;
There were many there 'twixt the mossy
And green was the old well sweep:
He left his carriage alone;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in the dusty road
To drink at the wayside well.

He lifted it to the curb,
And bent down to the bucket's brim;
No furrows of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.
He saw but a farmer's boy,
As he stooped there to drink,
And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met his eye at the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While from under the brim of the old straw
hat, a smile of the old straw
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.
He turned away with a sigh—
Not could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in his ride that day
To drink at the way-side well.

Water Treated, in Good Company.

THE HOMESTEAD.

"But, my dear Katy, won't you listen while I explain how it was that I was unable to be with you yesterday?"

"No, Mr. Amory, I will listen to no excuses, nor do I wish to continue your acquaintance. Did you not promise, for certain, to be at the picnic and row me on the lake? And was I not asked to keep the first dance for you?"

A nice laughing stock you made of me before Lizzie Randall and Clara Ward. Of course they knew why I refused to dance the first set—although Frank Churchill would scarcely take a refusal—then to think you should have eloped me before them all! Don't think, sir, I allowed them to see I was annoyed; I just danced all the evening, and enjoyed myself thoroughly."

"Dear Katy, I am so sorry I disappointed you; but—"

"Disappointed! Mr. Amory, not at all. I found Mr. Churchill a most amusing companion, and a much better waltzer than you are. Lizzie Randall was cross enough when she saw that he did not leave my side all the day. But the most delightful part was his driving me home in his charming Stanhope; I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. He drives admirably—as he does everything else I fancy. I expect him every minute, for he said he should certainly call and inquire how I was after the exertion of yesterday."

"Then, Miss Langley, I have the honor to wish you good-afternoon. I should be sorry to intrude my unwelcome presence when so entertaining a companion is expected."

Each turned from the other, Katy going toward the house, and Mr. Amory walking with quickened pace toward the village.

The above dialogue had taken place at the gate of an old-fashioned farmhouse. The speakers had for some time been looking upon as lovers, although no pledge had been made on either side. Katy's angry words will explain in what manner Harry Amory had offended.

She was an only child of Farmer Langley's, who, having lost his wife when she was five years old, had since done his best to spoil his pretty daughter. At the time we make her acquaintance, she was just eighteen, and although a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, yet, from her position as beauty of the village, had met with some homage from the village swains that she could ill brook the apparent neglect of her most favored lover.

Could Harry have seen her as she hastened to her own little room, after throwing herself on the bed, gave way to a hearty cry, he would not have felt so bitterly angry at the petulant beauty's harsh words.

"I won't cry any more," said she; "he will be sure to come to-morrow, and then I will be good and make it up with him. He must know I did not mean what I said of that conceited Frank Churchill! I hate him, and only danced with him to tease Lizzie Randall, who makes love to me so openly. Harry is worth a thousand such as he! Coming, father!" she cried, as she heard his voice.

"Have you been busy, pussy?"

"I have good news for you, Harry Amory was sent for yesterday by the squire, and has been promised the steward's place. I always thought the lad would do well. I met Humphrey, the head gardener, and he tells me it is quite settled. Harry was with the squire all day yesterday, going over the accounts. I fancy some one knows who will be mistress of that pretty cottage near the park gates," he added, pinching her cheek. "Ah! here comes Harry. I suppose he'd rather tell the good news to you alone; so I'll be off to the kitchen and get something to eat."

Katy's cheek flushed with pleasure as she heard the latch raised, and she rose to welcome her lover. What was her disappointment and disgust to see—not Harry, but Frank Churchill, who, noticing Katy's eager joy, came forward with the greatest alacrity to take her outstretched hand.

Poor Katy could scarcely command herself to give the intruder a civil greeting. Her guest, however, evidently considered his presence acceptable, and took no notice of her embarrassment; if he remarked it at all, he rather put it down to the overpowered humor he was conferring in visiting a mere farmer's daughter.

Frank Churchill had come on a visit to his uncle, the village doctor. He had studied medicine, but having a small independent income, was too indolent to make much progress in his

profession. He was to stay with his uncle six months, and then see if he would like to be taken as his partner.

As yet, he had done nothing toward ingratiating himself with his uncle's patients; but, on the contrary, had caused great heart-burnings in the younger portion of the inhabitants. The men despised him for his conceit and foppishness, while he looked upon them as mere clods. The village ladies were dazzled by his fashionable clothes and his many perfumes. Then, again, he had brought from London a Stanhope, which had never been seen in those parts before.

Lizzie Randall, the lawyer's daughter, had furnished him with this Adonis, but he treated all with the most supercilious air. Kate Langley alone had passed him by as unworthy of notice; and this from the village beauty, had pleased his vanity. On the day of the picnic, what was his delight to find that he had made a favorable impression? He thought it would be a good way of passing his six months' probation to make love to the village belle.

Little did Frank Churchill think that he was making slight impression by his liping talk, while he stroked his mustache with his delicate-looking hand. Even his conceit would have received a check had he known how indifferent his companion was to his most flattering attentions.

Katy was greatly relieved when her father entered the room, and so took away his visitor's attention from herself. Farmer Langley was not pleased to see who his guest was, for he, like most others, looked upon him as an empty-headed, affected fellow. The young man soon took his leave, after vainly asking Katy to allow him the pleasure of taking her for a drive on the morrow.

Just as he was leaving the house, he came upon Harry Amory, who, between struggling with his anger and love, was wandering about the neighborhood of the homestead, undecided whether to call and make it up with Katy or not. He had loved her for a long time, and had only waited to have some settled income before asking her to be his wife.

The rector had early taken a fancy to the intelligent lad, and had devoted many hours to the improvement of his mind. Harry Amory was consequently better educated than most of his class. His good friend had not stopped at this, but had recommended him to the squire, who, finding him useful, had employed him in many ways. He was often called upon to perform the duties of the steward, who was old and infirm. No direct promise had been made by the squire, but still enough had been said to lead Harry to suppose that upon the death of the old man he should fill his office. All in the village looked forward to his then asking Katy to be his wife, and installing her as the mistress of the steward's lodge.

"So, Amory, I have to congratulate you on your rise in life," said Churchill. "Well, my good fellow, make haste and find a wife to keep you company in your pretty cottage. Shouldn't mind living there myself, and fancy I know one who would be glad to go with me, and he nodded toward the homestead farm. 'Katy Langley is not so much amiss, eh, Amory?' And she's devoted fond of your humble servant. Well, take; shall be glad to hear just such another has taken a fancy to you."

"The heartless coquette! So this is the fool's game she has been playing with me!" exclaimed the irate lover. "So that is the fellow she prefers to me, who has loved her so long! Let him have her, then, I say—but I won't stop here to witness their courtship. So this is the end of all my hopes! Just as my destiny is accomplished, and I can offer her a home, I am balked of my greatest treasure. I will be off to the squire, and let him know I have altered my mind about accepting the steward's office. Ned Glover will be glad to have it, so I shall be doing no harm. So good-by, Katy Langley! he cried, as he waved his hand toward the homestead. "May you be happy with your new-found lover!"

"Katy, child, what is this I hear? Give the ploughman, has just brought the news that Harry Amory has been promised the steward's place. I wonder if the lad is mad! But what is the matter with the lass? Here, Martha! hurry! Why, the child has fainted!"

Katy had not fainted; she was keenly alive to her sorrow. So Harry had taken her hasty words in earnest, and was gone—forever, perhaps! Should she never see him again?

Taking the weeping girl in his arms, her fond father soon learned the particulars of the lovers' quarrel. He saw his child was to blame, but could not understand Harry's not attempting to see her again. He did not know of his meeting with Frank Churchill, and his wrong impression that had been made on him.

Poor Katy! she was indeed severely punished for her petulance.

Three years had passed away, and she had only heard that Harry was in a merchant's office in London, and was doing well. All this time he had never once visited his native place. She hated Frank Churchill so thoroughly for being connected with her quarrel with Harry that even he could not mistake her sentiments toward him.

Katy passed her time chiefly in attending to her old father. She seldom joined her companions in any of the village gayeties, and was entirely changed from the husky, coquettish beauty who had smitten so many hearts. Many were the offers she had, but she turned

a deaf ear to them all, vowing within to remain true to her love for Harry.

"Katy, there is to be a grand cricket match next week; so get your finery ready, child, and we will both go to see it," said Farmer Langley. "I was good hand with a bat in my young days, but I hear they have some new-fangled mode of bowling, and I should like to see it."

Katy remembered with a sigh that Harry had been the best bowler in the village; but she smothered it quickly and promised to be ready.

Very lovely she looked on the Saturday afternoon when she went with her father to the cricket field. Her complexion was still as purely white and her cheeks as rosy red as when, three years ago, she had parted from Harry. But now, added to this, was more sensibility—more heart in the expression of her face; and her soft blue eyes, though bright as ever, were more often cast down. Not a word had her father said as to who was expected to take part in the match.

Harry Amory, after so long an absence, had come on a visit to an aunt in the neighboring town. His old comrades of the cricket club had soon looked up their best bowler, and upon his play they chiefly depended to beat their antagonists.

"Ah, Amory, glad to see you again!" The voice was Churchill's. "Just married, you know, and spending a few weeks with the old man before settling in London. Deuced slow hole, this, to pass one's days in. Got the old fellow to advance me enough money to purchase a practice. You know my wife, I think; will go and bring her to speak to you."

"Ah, Harry, how are you, my lad? Glad to see you again! How long do you intend to stop among us? But I must not keep you," said Farmer Langley, "for there's the squire calling you to play. I'll see you again presently."

Harry's party were very nearly disappointed of their victory. He played so recklessly at first that the Ainsworth Club was delighted. All at once he seemed to brace himself, for the struggle, and one after the other threw down their bats to make room for others, till the match was gained at a single inning, with forty runs to spare.

"Gloriously done, Amory!" said Churchill. "See your hand has not forgot its cunning. But come, my wife is in yonder tent, and wishes to congratulate you. Here she comes to speak for herself!"

Turning quickly around to make his escape, Harry came face to face with Lady.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Amory! Charmed to think that you have been the Ainsworth Club! Don't you find the country dull after London? Perhaps we shall be neighbors there."

"Neighbors, Miss Randall! Your father is not going to London, is he?"

"Oh, dear, no! And I am not Miss Randall," she simpered. "Why, you have been talking to my husband; and only think, you did not know I was married! Frank, I thought you had told Mr. Amory of our marriage."

Harry never knew what answer he made, but just then catching sight of Farmer Langley coming toward him, he hurried to him, and, astonished by his worthy man by leaving him aside and eagerly asking if Katy had not once been engaged to Frank Churchill.

"Engaged to Frank Churchill!" exclaimed the farmer. "What are you dreaming of? Katy despised the fellow! He's got his match now. Lizzie Randall was always a rare wizen, and her father was only too glad to give Churchill a round sum of money to marry her. I don't envy him his life with her."

"But Katy! Is she single—where is she?" cried Harry.

"Ah, lad, you were over-hasty to take notice of a spoiled child's angry words. She is not far off. I left her in one of the tents."

Katy watched the game with the greatest interest; she had at once recognized the famous bowler, and her heart beat fast as she did so. Would he notice her? There was her father talking to him; and—yes, they were coming toward the tent! Seized with a sudden fit of shyness, Katy made her way out at the back of the tent, but was soon overtaken and brought back by Harry.

"Katy, dear Katy!" he exclaimed; "three years ago I left you, thinking you had thrown me over for Frank Churchill. I was a mad chap for believing his boasting talk. I came to-day expecting to find you his wife, and only just now found out how vilely I have been deceived. Katy, will you forgive me when you know I have been wretched ever since we parted?"

Katy's answer is not recorded; but what it was may be guessed from the fact that Harry left the cricket field with Katy leaning on his arm.

Katy being unwilling to leave her father, and the post of steward being twice daily, at 8 a. m. and at 4 p. m., the feed being weighed out accurately to each pig at every feeding. If at the time of feeding the previous feed had not been consumed, the surplus was removed, and a proportionate reduction made in the amount of the next feed. All the pigs received whatever water they required. The bran was fed dry or mixed with water to suit the tastes of the different pigs. At first this was eaten with apparent relish, but as the pigs increased in ripeness they seemed to care less for the bran, finally refusing it altogether, when, about the eighth and ninth weeks the bran ration was discontinued. Records of the daily temperature were also kept.

The five pigs kept in warm pens gained 63.9 per cent. of original weight from Nov. 1 to Jan. 17th following; those in open yard gained 52.2 per cent. In the first case the average number of

THE FARM.

Farm Notes.

The proper curing of clover is a matter of very difficult achievement, and considerable loss is almost inevitable. The stems are coarse and thick while on the contrary the leaves are thin and very tender. If, therefore, the stems are sufficiently dried, it is altogether probable that a portion of them will be lost in handling. The nature of the loss will be appreciated when it is remembered that the leaves are particularly rich in protein, and that this is much more easily digested than that in the stems. At least it is said to be by those who have given the matter attention. All that can be done to prevent such loss is to cure rapidly, handle carefully, and not handle too much; but even the best care may not wholly prevent loss.

The army worm which was said to have made its appearance some time ago in different sections of the country is, after all, not the army worm proper, which does not make its appearance till July. The worm referred to is the Bronze Cut worm, and belongs to a different species.

Amateur fruit-growers are very chary of performing the operation known as thinning out the promising crops on their trees and vines. They cannot bear to remove a single pear or peach or a bunch of grapes. But judicious thinning of the crop is one of the surest ways of securing a bountiful harvest of the best quality. A little nerve at the beginning will afford a vast deal of satisfaction at the end of the season.

Mr. Bergh, president of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, says in the organ of that society, that every reasoning being ought to know, and that is to never whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the roadside, for if he sees a stump, a log, or a heap of tan-bark in the road, and while he is eyeing it carefully, and about to pass it, you strike him with the whip, it is the log, or stump, or the tan-bark that is hurting him in his way of reasoning, and the next time he will be more frightened. Give him time to smell all of these objects, and use the bridle to assist you in bringing him carefully to those objects of fear.

By the most experienced and most successful breeders in Scotland, much stress is laid upon the maintenance of unchecked progress in young stock, and it is held that in feeding young cattle, if a loss of flesh be allowed to occur, it can never be altogether made good again.

Those who have carefully watched the growth and development of cattle will allow that it is at least much easier to make up lost time, than to store flesh wasted at an early age. Particular care, therefore, is exercised at weaning time to feed as well as possible, and the calves are still kept tied up beside the dams, so as to have their companionship for a while, thus avoiding the violent break of a sudden separation, with the following, the pinning, the refusal of food, and consequent loss of condition.

Experiments in Pig Feeding.

We collate the following facts from the Second Biennial Report of the Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, 1879-80. The experiments were undertaken to ascertain whether the western plan of feeding in open fields, in cold weather, is more profitable than feeding in sheltered yards or pens. Ten pigs, all Berkshire, were fed, each in a different manner, and the results carefully noted. During the summer preceding, and up to the time the experiment began, all the pigs were kept in a large pasture-fence, mostly prairie grass, but containing a small proportion of orchard grass and alfalfa—receiving an ear of corn per pig each day. The pigs were a remarkably uniform lot, and of very excellent quality. Half the pigs were arranged in the basement of a warm stone barn, and the others in an open yard on the north side of a close board fence, five feet high, but without other protection except straw "nests," which were furnished both sets as needed. A single pig occupied each pen, an arrangement necessary to the proper apportionment of food, and distribution of the results of the experiment.

In pens 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7 and 10 shelled corn exclusively was fed; in pens 3, 4, 8 and 9 a feed of bran, in addition to the corn, was fed, the amount, varying but little from two pounds per day. In all the pens all the corn that the animals would eat was fed, great care being taken that none was left over in the troughs and wasted, or, on the other hand, that the animals were inconveniently supplied. The pigs were fed twice daily, at 8 a. m. and at 4 p. m., the feed being weighed out accurately to each pig at every feeding. If at the time of feeding the previous feed had not been consumed, the surplus was removed, and a proportionate reduction made in the amount of the next feed. All the pigs received whatever water they required. The bran was fed dry or mixed with water to suit the tastes of the different pigs. At first this was eaten with apparent relish, but as the pigs increased in ripeness they seemed to care less for the bran, finally refusing it altogether, when, about the eighth and ninth weeks the bran ration was discontinued. Records of the daily temperature were also kept.

The five pigs kept in warm pens gained 63.9 per cent. of original weight from Nov. 1 to Jan. 17th following; those in open yard gained 52.2 per cent. In the first case the average number of

pounds of corn per pound of increase was 5.05 to 5.31; or 4.78 to 4.84, with 1 to 1 lb. of bran. With the pigs in the yard it took 5.21 to 6.02 pounds of corn, or 5.39 to 6.17 lbs. of corn with 1 to 1 lb. of bran, to make a pound of gain. For the pigs fed exclusively on corn, it took an average of 5.15 lbs. of corn to make a pound of increase, when kept in warm pens; for those in the yard it took 5.43 lbs.

The total loss from feeding in the open yards was quite marked throughout, and the variations in individual cases were considerable. It was noticeable that the quietest animals, the best feeders of those fed "outside," endured the severe weather the best, and gave the largest returns for the food consumed. These, during the severe weather which prevailed during the 6th, 9th and 10th weeks, passed much of the time in a condition closely resembling hibernation; they came to their feed during severe weather with great apparent reluctance, and rarely offered more than once each day, during the remainder of the time lying very still, the vital functions apparently moving at the slowest pace.

The very uniform increase in the amount of feed required to produce one pound of increase during each subsequent week of the experiment, after the first and second weeks had been passed, (a fact fully brought out by the experiments of Mr. Miles and others), was plainly shown. The diminished amount of food consumed for each subsequent week of the experiment, after the animals had become measurably "ripe," was also noticeable.

The importance of a ration of bran or other coarse food in connection with corn, for fattening pigs, is frequently urged by writers on theoretical grounds. It was chiefly to test this question that bran was used with corn in two of the pens of each of the two series. The value of the bran fed in this experiment may be shown in a brief summary and comparison of the results obtained. In pens 1, 2, 5, 6, 7 and 10, in which corn exclusively was fed, 90½ lbs. of increase cost 4.78½ lbs. of corn, and in pens 3, 4, 8 and 9, in which corn and bran were fed, 57½ lbs. of increase cost 2.97½ lbs. of corn and 432 lbs. of bran. That is, 8.42 lbs. of corn had in this experiment a feeding value equal to that of 75.78 lbs. of bran—a fact which seems to show that corn alone can be more profitably used for fattening hogs than a mixed feed consisting of corn and bran.

The antitoxins for sulphuric, nitric, oxalic, hydro-chloric acids, are chalk or magnesia in soap-suds, and then vomiting.

The antidotes for alkalies, potash, or soda, ammonia or hartshorn, are vinegar or lemon-juice, and vomiting.

The antidotes for arsenic, or rabanus, Paris green, are milk, eggs, flour and water, and vomiting. The antidote for corrosive sublimate, butyric acid, are the whites of six eggs, stirred in tepid water, and repeated every ten minutes for four times, and then an emetic of tepid water and milk freely given. The antidotes for carbolic acid are magnesia, mucilage of gum arabic, and then an emetic of tepid water. The antidotes for opium, laudanum, morphine, paragonic, soothing syrups, is an emetic of mustard-water and a little salutarina, and then strong coffee without milk or sugar. Keep the patient moving rapidly in the open air. If a child, keep him crying. Apply mustard plaster to the neck, back, calves, and feet. If an adult, a green bile, applied briskly to the naked skin, is very useful by way of preventing sleep. If a large quantity of laudanum or other form of opium has been taken, give a pint of strong salutarina-water and follow it at once by half-a-pint of vinegar and water or sour cider. As soon as the vinegar reaches the salutarina, effervescence will begin and the contents of the stomach will hasten out.

Croton oil is often used as a stimulant, kept in the medical chest, and now and then taken by mistake. Give the patient at once a teaspoonful of sweet oil, or cod-liver oil every ten minutes. If the oil is rancid, so much the better and so much the quicker the patient will vomit. A drop of croton oil forms a strong cathartic. A young woman, by mistake, took sixty drops. She was given very rancid cod-liver oil and it would not stay in the stomach, but came up at once, bringing with it the croton oil, which did not remain long enough to do any harm. Rancid oil is very useful after any irritating poison has been swallowed.

Bits of Information.

The density of the waters of the Dead Sea increases with its depth.

The number of deaths in the world in one day is nearly 88,000.

Statistics go to show that suicides are more frequent in hot weather than during a lower temperature.

The earth's temperature increases one degree Fahr. for every fifteen yards of descent.

If the poison of a living serpent is extracted from its fang, in two days it will be found as highly charged as ever with venom.

In certain Bohemian schists there are fifty-one million animals to the cubic inch, each skeleton weighing no more than two hundred millionth part of a grain.

When the Carthaginians were defeated, there were found among their baggage 20,000 pairs of handcuffs designed for their expected captives.

When a person is struck by lightning buckets of water should be poured upon the head.

It has been estimated that there are only about 2,400 disorders to which the human frame is liable.

Keep up with the procession of life, young man; close up to the band. If you ever fall to the rear, where the elephants are, you are apt to get trod on.

There is a true saying that the bung-hole of an untruthful man's barrel is where the spigot ought to be.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

The meanest man in the country lives in Missouri. He pleaded in a bench of promises that a contract made on Sunday night was not binding.

A Western stump orator, in the course of one of his speeches, remarked: "Gentlemen, if the Per-y-ix once wot an inkstand, and the bull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearn war a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country onto it."

In former essays on burns and scalds we have given minute directions how

to treat burns, but perhaps we ought now to say that a good application, that can always be obtained, is cooking soda. Sprinkle the burn surface at once with this powder and cover it with a wet cloth, or immerse the burnt part in alum water, strong brine or soap-suds. A good salve for subsequent application is sweet oil and cooking soda, linsed oil and turpentine. The thing to be done is to protect the burnt surface against the influence of the air. An excellent application to make at once is a tablespoonful of unsalted lard, the white of one egg, and a teaspoonful of cooking soda, well mixed. Burns or scalds upon the face are best treated by applying mulage or gum arabic. It forms a complete covering and obviates the use of dressings. Repeat the application every ten to fifteen minutes, until a thick artificial skin has been formed. It is so transparent that the condition of the burnt surface can be seen from day to day. It ultimately scales off, and leaves a new skin, perfectly smooth and fair.

Another class of accidents is that of poisons that are often found in dwellings. With such poisons and their antidotes the mother, as house-physician, should be familiar. All bottles containing medicines or chemicals should be labelled. Medicines should be put in clear, round vials. Poisons and chemicals should be placed in dark and square bottles. Both classes of bottles should be kept out of reach of children. The house-physician should know the nature of the contents of all bottles kept within her dwelling. If any poison has been taken, give at once four to eight tablespoonfuls of cream, or milk, or sweet oil, or white of eggs, beaten up in warm water. The white of eggs is always to be preferred. These things may lessen the irritating tendency of the poison, and as soon as swallowed may be followed by any means of exciting vomiting. Vomiting may be induced by tickling the upper part of the throat with a feather, or a finger, or by drinking